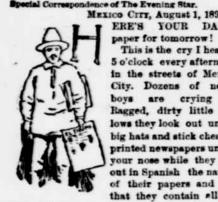
MEXICAN NEWSPAPERS

The Editorial and the Essay Crowd Out the Telegram.

THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS.

A Newspaper Row in Prison for the Editor Who Criticise the Government-Poor Pay the Rule-Some Newspapers are Making Money-The Plaza and the Theater.

ndence of The Evening Sta MEXICO CITY, August 1, 1891. ERE'S YOUR DAILY



This is the cry I hear at 5 o'clock every afternoon in the streets of Mexico City. Dozens of newsboys are crying it. Ragged, dirty little fellows they look out under

lagged, dirty little fellows they look out under big hats and side chearly printed newspapers under out in Spanish the name of their papers and say that they contain it Spanish the name of their papers and say that they contain it Spanish the name of their papers and say that they contain it Spanish the name of their papers and say that they contain all the news of the day. Maxica for the property are not described that they contain all the news of the day. Maxica daily newspapers are about the day of the say that the say printed the afternoon before the date of publication. The editors and reporters are too ideas the say to think of night work and they have no idea that the printed three days after receivant editoral of the say to think of night work and they have no idea that the say that the say to the say that the say to the say to the say that the say that the say that the say to the say that the sa

few months or a year or so's imprisonment in the penitentiary. There is practically no freedom of the press in Mexico. The editor of a news-paper who is obliged to sign his name to his matter never feels certain as to whether he will not be taken to Belem, which is the name of the exican penitentiary. There is in fact a cor-

means. The first page of every Mexican news-paper is devoted to long-winded critiques and commentaries on current events or ancient history, and the only live papers that the city has are two dailies published in English and patronized by the English-speaking people of Mexico. One of these is The Two Republics, which was established about twenty-five years ago, and which makes about twenty-five years ago, and which makes about \$10,000 a year. Its editor is Mr. Mastella Clark and its business manager is Mr. Sidney Guy Sea, one of the brightest newspaper managers of the United

e6,000 per week for their telegrams. As to newspaper correspondents, these are paid by getting a copy of the paper free, and the papers throughout are run on the economical ground. The printers get from 25 to 35 cents per thousand ems, and a good foreman receives a salary of \$20 a week. Such printers as are on salaries get from \$6 to \$12 a week, and all of these

sums are in Mexican money, which is worth only 75 cents to the dollar. A GOOD CHANCE FOR PAPER PACTORIES. There seems to be a good chance in Mexico for the establishment of paper factories. All kinds of stationery is very expensive and ordikinds of stationery is very expensive and ordinary printing paper is made and sold here at from 13 to 16 cents a pound. The same quality of paper is sold in the United States at from 3 to 4 cents a pound, but the duties are so great and the freights so heavy that little is to be saved by importing. It costs at least 12 cents a pound to bring paper from the United States to Mexico City, and this sum must be paid for consular fees at the port of shipment, custom house fees of many kinds, and there is a duty of 5 cents a pound in addition to the freights and fines. The Mexican government makes almost as much off of its fines as from its duties. The least error in a consular invoice or a merchant's statement brings forth a heavy fine, and this is the case even where the mistake is in favor of the government and against the importer. If, for instance, you should import thirty-five pounds of paper, and in your invoice the amount should be put down as forty pounds, making you pay a tax on more than you have, the custom house of sold in those forty pounds, making you pay a tax on more than you have, the custom house officials would fine you, and when it is remembered would fine you, and when it is remembered that this system extends to every class of shipments it is no wonder that Mexico gets \$35,000,000 a year out of its custom houses. It is from the heavy duties and from these numerous fines that the great profit on home manufactures arises in Mexico. Everything here is protected to such protected to such as a such protected to such an extent as to almost pro-hibit competition, and there is no better field in the world for manufacturing enterprises. Such as have been established are making money, and there is plenty of room for more. In another letter I will discuss this question more at length and will show how a number of mart Americans are already in the field and are making fortunes.

A FINANCIAL SUCCESS. One of the brightest Americans in the country, by the way, is Mr. Fred R. Guernsey, the ditor of the Financier, a weekly financial paper which has become the business authority of the country and which has made Mr. Guernsey and his partners a fortune within the past half dozen years. It is a bright, reliable, progressive journal, published both in Spanish and in English, and is thoroughly independent. Its editor same down here at the time the Mexican

the correspondent of the Boston Herald. He liked the outlook and concluded to stay. He is now a partner in one of the largest mercantile firms in Mexico, that of Seegur, Guernsey & Co., and he is said to have made several hundred thousand dollars within a decade. He is popular with President Diaz and the Mexicans, and he tells me he likes the country and intends to spend his life in it. His paper is the only one of the kind in Mexico and it is undoubtedly doing the country good. As to the other weekly papers, there is a mining journal, a humorous sheet or so and there is a paper which circulates almost entirely among the lawyers. As to outside papers, I see more French journals than Spanish ones on the tables of the reading rooms in the clubs, and Mexico reads more rooms in the clubs, and Mexico reads more French than English. The book stores, of which there are many, are filled with French books in fine bindings, and the cheap novels of the day are French ones.

An Old Lady Tried His Soul, but He Kept

Mexico City is, in fact, a far more cultivated capital than is generally supposed. You may ridor in this prison which is devoted to newspaper editors and which goes by the name of Newspaper Row. The most of the articles in a Mexican newspaper are signed, and the paper has to print in every issue the name of a man who is responsible for those which are not digned and in case of trouble as to the unsigned articles this man goes to prison. In some of the newspaper offices here the attaches assume this responsibility turn about. The El Tiempo or the Times is the organ of the church party, and it often denounces the government. Its editors are frequently imprisoned, but it makes about #10,000 a year and it considers itself doing well. and while I have been here its poet laureate has recited a patriotic poem at a public celebration. It has its novelists and its historians, and nowhere in the world will you find a more general love for music among all classes of the people. Every Mexican city has its plaza or central park, containing flowers, trees, seats and a band stand, and several times a week the A SURSIDIZED JOURNAL.

The leading government paper is El Universal.

This is subsidized by the government and other bands give here free open-air concerts. In Mexico City every Sunday morning you may hear delicious music by one of the best bands of the world in the Plaza Mayor. From 12 o'clock to 1 the whole city turns out and takes a promenade in the Alameda. another great park, and here also an has about fifteen editors to every one reporter, and this is the proportion in most of the offices. The editorials are chiefly essays. The government and other bands give here free open-air concerts. In Mexico City every Sun-



sago, and which makes about \$10,000 a year. Its editor is Mr. Mastella Cark and its business manager is Mr. Sadney Guy Sea, one of the brightest newspaper managers of the United health. Mr. So forced to go to Mexico for his health. Mr. So forced to go to Mexico for his health. Mr. So forced to go to Mexico a year from the Chicago Mexico a year from the Chicago Mexico a year from the Chicago Mexico. It has been only lately established, but it is fast increasing in circulation and influence. It has been only lately established, but it is fast increasing in circulation and influence, it is now move about under big hats with bright sharked from her magnificent by his work of the say editors get from \$10 to \$25 a week in American money. The sawe we in Mexico are poorly paid. Editors get from \$10 to \$25 a week in Mexican money, which is only from \$1.50 to \$18 a week in American money. The sawe with the same which have been used a day or two before, and an event three mouths old will be put in with an event three mouths old will be put in with as much assurance as though it had just happened. Time, in fact, is of no importance in matter is new or old. I found whither the matter is new or old. I found which was a papened. Time, in fact, is of no importance in a wise of the college of

EXCELLENT THEATERS. The theaters of Mexico are excellent. The first stone theater built in North America was first stone theater built in North America was erected in the western part of this countr? and you find fair theaters in all the Mexican cities. Mexico has three theaters which range in seating capacity from 2,000 to 3,000, and you are sure of finding at least one good troupe playing. I heard Emma Juch in "The Walkure" in the Teatro Nacional, and the audience was as fine as any you will see in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The cream of the Spanish nobility of Mexico was present, and there were nobility of Mexico was present, and there were hundreds of finely dressed men and women in the boxes. There were many pretty girls, some of them Indians, some Spanish, some Mexican and not a few American and English. The theater was walled with boxes and all the ladies were in full dress. The rit was given no adies were in full dress. The pit was given up



play began and who smoked between the acts. At the close of each scene all of these men arose, clapped their opera glasses to their eyes and stared at the ladies in the boxes between the acts, and I am told that the Mexicans perform many of their social obligations at the theacts. Another night I went to the Teatro Principal, which is nearly as large as the Nacional. This theater was founded in the seventeenth century by two monks, and when it was burned in 1722 it was looked upon as a judgment of God for the sacrilege of the church trying to raise money in this way. The monks, however, rebuilt it and it is now one of the leading theaters of the city. It is managed differently from our theaters and you can go in and sit for an act and pay for that act only. I listened to 25 cents worth of "Travitar" in the pit, and I might have had an act in a box for about 16 cents more. I was amused at the

improving from year to year.
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A MODEL DRY GOODS CLERK.

From the New York Times.
So much is said about the snappishness an impudence of the clerks in the big dry goods stores that when one is found that cannot be

made cross by any combination of circum-stances he ought certainly to have the benefit of that fact being heralded abroad, even if for bvious reasons neither his name nor the name of the store which is so fortunate as to have his services can be given. The store is, however, in 14th street, and the clerk is the most acemmodating one in the whole retail dry goods

THE REFEREE. A Set of Shakespeare. IN ONE ACT.

BLAZERIUS, Tailor-Made Romans.

NEWFORTIA, object of the affections of Dudio BLAZERIUS and other young Romans. Dudio. Blazerius, most noble bloat, I would with thee a tennis combat make
And on its issue, shekels, goods and chattel

aldst thy nerveless heart refuse a level bet to take,
I'll lay thee odds, lest of default.

DUDIO falls: BLAZERIUS, unable to tear his hair on account of baldness, tries to im-pale himself on the tennis fork.)

At which you play like duffers.

At which you play like duffers.

A tennis german, I this night do lead,

For which a fitting partner, now I need;

Throw up your racket, Dudlo, and if it's rough,

"Tis Blazerius; but if smooth, you are the stuff.

before this proud, imperious beauty as she stood, beautiful even in her anger. like an avenging goddess pouring out her torrent of concentrated fury upon a rebellious nation. He glanced around the gymnasium for a means of escape, but divining his intentions, she flew to the door with lightning rapidity, and having placed a thousand pound weight aginst it said in a voice ringing with withering contempt:

"Listen to me, young man! Ever since the commencement of the world, woman has been the slave of domineering man; but thanks to dumb bells and Indian clubs, the time has at last arrived when she can assert herself.

"No longer need she spend weary hours alone while her husband goes to his club, or for a short (?) run on his bicycle!

"No longer need she beg with tears in her eyes for a new bonnet!

"Do you understand me?" she said, with a stamp of her foot which shook the building.

"Ye-r-r-yes!" he said, "but—"

"What! dare you contradict me," she stormed, the flame of her anger bursting forth again.

"But the w-w-women w-w-was made for

He did not finish the sentence, for with a look that would have set fire to a load of hay she took in his measure, and with a strength born of desperation she seized a fifty-six pound shot and threw it with such terrific force that it

In space.

The young man, feeling very small, crept through the hole the shot had made, and he is now on the way to Europe to see Jules Verne with a view to securing his passage to another planet.

Hadn't He Heard of the Game? At Schenectady, N. Y., on Thursday John N. Marcellus, aged eighty, was robbed of \$5,000 by two sharpers. Marcellus became acquainted with one of the men last Tuesday. The fellow

stopped at the old man's house Thursday morn-

stopped at the old man's house Thursday morning and invited him to take a drive.

They had gone about three miles when sharper No. 2 was overtaken and three-card monte was indulged in. Marcellus lost \$5, all the money he had with him. He then came back to this city with sharper No. 1 and drew \$5,000 from the Mohawk Bank. He put the money in a box for safekeeping and returned to Glenville, where sharper No. 2 was waiting.

Mr. Marcellus says he concluded not to bet on the game, and finally left the pair and returned on foot to Schenectady, carrying his box with him. He reached the city about 1 o'clock. When he opened the box he found nothing but old paper and pieces of wood. The police were notified.

"Singing with one's work not only lightens but sweetens it," observes a magazine philosopher. This must be why that cheerful rascal, the mosquito, is willing to work overtime o'nights, instead of going to sleep with the rest of creation.—Philadeiphia Ledger.

MORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

JOHN FORD, CLERK.

His Sad Life and His Glimpse of

to 6 o'clock. He rose slowly, took off his office coat and going to the uninviting-looking washstand in the corner, began to wash his face and hands. This done he combed his hair by the aid of a pocket comb and mirror and took down from a hook on the wall a very shabby coat of darkish material, which he began to brush vigorously. At length, his modest toilet having been completed, he hung up his office coat on the same peg that the other had occupied, locked his desk and casting his eye around the room to see that everything was all right went out, hat in hand, locking the door behind him. After passing through the front office and seeing that the other clerks had gone home he locked the front door also and emerged into the street.

gone home he locked the front door also and emerged into the street.

The weather was cool and pleasant and occasionally the slanting red rays of the evening sun would strike the massive stone work of some great, grim-looking building and against its windows, which blazed as if there were a conflagration within. The street was full of people, mostly business men hurrying home to dinner after the day's work. Occasionally a belated shopper would pass and a little farther up town a slight sprinkling of dress suits might have been noticed among the crowd. How they streamed by, some old, some young, some gay, some sad, men, women and children, laughing, talking, jesting, each intent upon his or her own business or pleasure and utterly oblivious of those who brushed by them or jostled at their elbows. But John Ford noticed none of these things. On by rows of deserted offices and brilliant shop windows he walked briskly, though with his eyes slightly bent upon the ground, only raising them at the street crossing where great shop windows he walked briskly, though with his eyes slightly bent upon the ground, only raising them at the street crossings, where great agility was needed to dart between the heavy drays and wagons which blocked the way. Finally he slackened his pace and turning into a modest-looking little resand turning into a modest-looking little restaurant he seated himself at a table which commanded a view of the street and ordered his dinner. While waiting for it to be served it seemed as if the expression of sadness which was usual with him deepened upon his face, and as he sat there lost in thought the moving lights, which had begun to twinkle in the street outside, swam before his eyes more than once in a confused, blurred mass. But whether this was due to tears or nerve fatigue who shall say? He was thinking of his younger days, perhaps.

without money, home or scarce a friend. Nay, more, there were still some debts left which he resolved to pay. Heaven only knows how hard he struggled on after that. At last, in

astonishment.

Tonight when he had finished dinner he gave his usual tip, took up his hat, paid his bill, and nodding a good night to the proprietor, walked out upon the sidewalk.

It was getting late. The streets were full of people going to the theaters. John Ford, dreading to go to his dark, cheerless lodgings, drifted half unconsciously along with the crowd. Occasionally he would stop to look into an unusually handsome window. Everything around him only served as a reminder of the time when he was young and happy and had good friends. Ah, how pitiless the world seemed! There were happy families passing and repassing at his very elbow, men with their wives, fathers with their daughters, young fellows with their sweethearts, while out in the street beyond those still more fortunate rolled by in their carriages—all chatting, all happy, yet all unconscious of poor John Ford, unloved and alone—an outcast from the world. All at once he found himself in front of a brilliantly lighted entrance. Carriages were drawing up and discharging their elegantly dressed occupants and people were going in in knots of two and three. It was the Metropolitan Opera House. He looked up at the posters and saw that the opera was to be opera "Tannhauser." He had not been to the theater in yoars and he was passionately fond of music. Why should he not go in? A sudden impulse bade him enter and he obeyed.

Not having the money to sit down stairs, and possessing no dress suit, he bought a seat for

den impulse bade him enter and he obeyed.

Not having the money to sit down stairs, and possessing no dress suit, he bought a seat for one of the upper galleries. When the first view of the house had burst upon his eyes it seemed to him that he had never seen it look more lovely. All New York was there, and he was so situated that he could see the luxurious boxes and their dainty occupants, tier after tier of lovely faces, blended color and flashing jewels, relieved here and there by the conventional evening dress of the gentlemen, while over the whole scene thousands of blazing lights twinkled, clothing everything in their white, dassiling radiance.

The hum of conversation and the sound of laughter in the boxes greeted his ear like an old friend. The time was when it had all been familiar to him, only he had always been down stairs then. The peculiar ratting sound produced by the letting down of the seats drew his attention to the orchestra. People were still coming in. Freently the lew scapping of the

violins came to him above the vast murmur of the house, and casting his eyes downward once more he saw that the musicians had taken their places and were "tuning up." Suddenly the footlights flare up, the leader takes his place and raps his baton sharply on the brass rail in front, the musicians stop talking and place themselves in readiness, the audience becomes comparatively quiet, and in another moment the grand overture bursts upon the ear. His Sad Life and His Glimpse of

Happiness.

Happiness.

Written for The Evening Star.

The first act was like addence becomes the manufacture of the first and the provided and the stage, and yet here was nothing of clownish have been seen hard at work in a dingy little back office down town. He was John Ford, clerk by profession. A single glance would have served to show that he was middle aged, a second, that he was distinctly homely. Indeed, by the dim gaslight which found its way through a very dirty globe, his face looked and the audience were streaming and over reverse to show, and the thin, straight lips, with just through a very dirty globe, his face looked the temptation to look again.

There was something in the expression of the first through which he ran his fingers as he worked was brown, although it began to show decided was brown, although it began

is his heart that he turned on his heel and made his way to his seat. Stay to his seat the his way to his seat of his way to his seat of his way to his seat. Once more as the story unfolded itself in a brilliant pageant before his eyes and that grand his forgot the present and was living again in the past. He was back in Brussels with the only he had seen her on that Stunday morning at the little English church with a lady whom he afterward found out to be her mother. It seemed to him that he could hear the organ rising and falling and blending with the music of the opers in a hymn that had been sung that morning so long ago. He had learned that she was Miss Helen Cordray—an American girl studying music there, and by rare good fortune he knew her master. He recalled their introduction and unised the colled her was the seen the love looking at thim out of her master. He recalled their introduction and argot her below to have a saw the tears in the he had seen the love looking at thim out of her argot brown eyes, saw her flush and start at his approach, how one day they had gone driving in the Bois—it was her birthday—and he had seen the love looking at this out of her present and master at the past of the past of the past of the past of the cord his love. They were standing again at the quaint little door of her pursion, he was asking her to be his wife, and again he heard that little sigh and saw those dark eyes fill with happiness as she gave him his answer. And now the orchestra was playing the grand march. Oh, how familiar it sounded! He saw again the poor little duvering mouth. Ah, what pain he had end ould get no work, when he news came of his layer of his love. They were a structure of the part of the foreign of the past of the cord of the deal with the wide and the orchestra was playing the grand march. Oh, how familiar it sounded! He saw again the poor little quivering mouth. Ah, what pain he had end ould get no work, when he found himself weighed down by debt and realized that he ould barely keep himse could he take her from her luxury for this? How her letters came to him, full of love and the ineffable sweetness of her nature—and he had been too proud to tell her the truth, to tell her that he was too poor to marry her. How could he cut short her future as a musician, she who had such talent, and bring her to the wretched tenement he called a home? And so he had coased writing little he little programmering. ment he called a home? And so he had cassed writing little by little, never answering her sorrowful, pleading letters that came so from any letting her believe him unfaithful. But he had broken his heart in doing it. There was a lady down in a box on the right with a pink dress, just like one she used to some he decided upon his profession, but while John at betting her sorrowful, pleading letters that came so from, and letting her believe him unfaithful. But he had broken his heart in doing it. There was a lady down in a box on the right with a pink dress, just like one she used to some here, and in the could never forget he decided upon his profession, but while John at betting her believe him ment he called a home? And so he had cassed writing little by little, never answering her sorrowful, pleading letters that came so from, and letting her believe him unfaithful. But he had broken his heart in doing it. There was a lady down in a box on the right with a pink dress, just like one she used to some here. When the square him he was a leaning forward in magination playing him? She looked like Helen Cordray. He could never forget had decided upon his profession, but while John and he took the next steamer for New York, arriving just one week later. As for is too often the case, when the affairs of Ford senior had been wound up it was found that a series of late reverses had made such havoe with his fortunes that there was shoultely nothing left, and John Ford was without money, home or scarce a friend. Nay, more, there were still some debts left which hard he resolved to pay. Heaven here were still some debts left which hard he resolved to pay. Heaven here were still some debts left which hard he resolved to pay. Heaven he had been were married. Yes, there was here mother because the sent of the purchaser.

It was a latting the vertical tent in the called a home of the purchase and with mixed beginning, together with the improvements, account the first was found that a series of late reverses had made such havo

the more, there were still some debis left which he be received to pay. Heaven only knows how the be received to pay. Heaven only knows how the best was the strength of a street that. At lest, the street was the strength of the strength o down the steps, pale and trembling, eagerly drinking in the tones of her voice the outlines of her figure. See! they were getting in the carriage. He could have cried aloud. They started and were off. And John Ford—he watched them out of sight, and turning slowly with a stifled sob, set his face resolutely toward between the started and were off.

From the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

It was early in the forenoon and the car was on its way down town. It goes without saying, therefore, that most of its occupants were business men, en route to their offices. But on this particular morning there was pleasing innovation in the form of a pretty

pleasing innovation in the form of a pretty girl, faultlessly attired from the top of her bonnet to the tips of her dainty shoes. She had jumped on the car in a great hurry, apparently, and was busily engaged in pulling on a pair of long suede gloves, which she then proceeded to button with that indispensable adjunct to a woman's toilet, a hairpin. This article proved refractory after a moment (don't we all know that they are possessed by a demon') and flew from her fingers. It landed at the feet of the young man beside her. He picked it up, and, instead of returning it to her, gently took her wrist in his left hand and calmly continued the buttoning process. Every man in the car had been watching the pretty girl, some openly, others furtively from behind their newspapers. Now all the papers dropped, every one looked aghast and gazed at the pretty girl to see what she would do. She did nothing. Not a muscle moved, and she showed no consciousness of what was going on. The young man, with a conscious look of triumph, finished his pleasant task, and the girl, with a preoccupied air and not a glance in his direction, opened her pocket book, took out a nickel and placed it in his hand. His expression changed with lightning rapidity, the color came into his face and he quickly murmured what was evidently an apology. She listened with a willfully misleading air, and handed him another nickel. By this time his face had become scarlet, and he began another low-toned but earnest protestation. The calm, cool and collected young lady signaled the conductor, and as she rose to depart said, in a clear, distinct tone, andible to every one in the car:

"No, I cannot. I never give more than a dime for having my gloves buttoned or my bects blacked." girl, faultlessly attired from the top of her

AUCTION SALES.

FUTURE DAYS. RATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., Auctioneers, 1230 Pennsylvania ave. n. w. TRUSTEES' SALE OF CONTENTS OF HOTEL, RESTAURANT AND SALOON, No. 500 TENTH STREET AND No. 1001 E STREET NORTH-WEST.

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PARK AT AUCTION, LOT 5, BLOCK 35,
On MONDAY, AUGUST TENTH, 1891, at TWELVE
O'CLOCK, at our auction rooms, we shall sell the above
property This is considered one of the most desirable
subdivisions around Washinston, and where property
is rapidly improving and in demand, having easy access to this city.
Terms: One-fourth cash, balance in one year, with
notes bearing interest and secured by a deed of trust on
the property. All conveyancing and recording at purchaser's cost; \$100 deposit required at the time of salo,
au3-dis
LATIMER & SLOAN, Auctioneers.

PATCLIFFE, DARR & CO., Auctioneers.

1731-12t*

PEAD AND BE WISE.—DR. BROTHERS, 206

Let. a.w., appeared before me and made oath that; is the oldest established expert specialist in this city at will grarantee a cure in all diseases of men and furns medicine, or no charge; consultation and advice free any hour of the day. Subscribed and sworn to beforme by Dr. BROTHERS. SAMUEL C. MILLS, a notar public in and for the District of Columnia, this 3d def July, 1885.

T. HAR NEVER REEN CONTRADICTED THAT IT HAS NEVER BEEN CONTRADICTED THAT Dr. BROTHERS is the oldest established advertis-ing ladies' physician in the city. Dr. BROTHERS, 906 Bst. a.w. Forty-nve years' experience. auti-im-

MANHOOD RESTORED BY USING A BOTTLE
or two of Dr. BROTHERS' invigorating cordial.
Will cure any case of nervous debility. 906 B st a.w.
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SUMMER RESORTS

SUMMER RESORTS.

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IN THE MOUNTAINS.

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SHAFFER, proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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AN SENECA LAKE

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